









## A Quaker Mob.

After the following account, as we know, the members will be interested in it from their regard to Mr. Johnson, as well as for the important development, it makes of the Quakerism. The development is by no means novel, though the method seems to be new. The method of the ring, which we heard of sometimes practiced on that day in New Orleans. It is perhaps, not amiss to say that Oliver Johnson claims the right of membership in the Society, and exercised it during his residence in Ohio. The members of the church here, opposed to Anti-Slavery reforms, made many fruitless attempts for his ejection. The same parties were in Pennsylvania, and this effort was made of the humblers to rid themselves of persons, who by rebuking the sins of the church, seems greatly to trouble their members, or their love of influence and popularity.

After the West Chester Convention, Johnson attended Friends meeting in Salem, and attempted to speak. He says, in substance of the transactions as published in the Bugle:

"It was the promise of Friends to 'discuss'—but before these words were uttered, a man whom I did not know, who afterwards proved to be Humphrey Marshall, one of the Elders of the meeting, in an excited manner inquired if I was speaking as Oliver Johnson. I denied it, but some one in the audience asked the question in the affirmative. Humphrey Marshall then, in a tone of voice which appeared to me exceedingly harsh and prepotent, asked me to take my seat and not to disturb the harmony of the meeting. After standing for a moment, I obeyed the impression which impelled me again to speak. I began, in substance, 'I am of Jesus to his'—but before I could utter another word, Humphrey Marshall again rose, and in a loud and angry tone, asked me to sit down or leave the house. As some of his party responded in a similar manner, I stood silent. Humphrey Marshall then, as near as I can remember, I appoint John Huey and Thomas W. to take him out." Those individuals rose and approached me. They seized me by the arms with the apparent intention of executing the order of those whose tools they had been to perform the deed of violence and I sat down, and, as I did so, they stepped behind their hold, and they went to their seats. Humphrey Marshall then, in a tone of voice which appeared to me exceedingly harsh and prepotent, asked me to sit down or leave the house. As some of his party responded in a similar manner, I stood silent. Humphrey Marshall then, as near as I can remember, I appoint John Huey and Thomas W. to take him out." Those individuals rose and approached me. They seized me by the arms with the apparent intention of executing the order of those whose tools they had been to perform the deed of violence and I sat down, and, as I did so, they stepped behind their hold, and they went to their seats.

I took my seat to await the decision of the magistrate upon the motion for postponement, intending, of course, if that motion should be decided against me, to enter upon my defense. There was at least six or eight witnesses that I intended to examine, after which I should have claimed the right to address the magistrate and to show that I had not been guilty, in any legitimate sense of the word, of any disturbance of the meeting, but had acted in harmony with the discipline and the usage of the Society. No sooner, however, had I closed my appeal to the magistrate upon the preliminary motion, than he said: "I presume some of the parties accused will be proven guilty; I will therefore fine you \$5 and costs." This before I had called a single witness, or uttered one word of my defense! I confess I was astounded, and it certainly was no wonder that a murmur of indignation ran through the room. I noticed that the magistrate, during the examination of the witnesses, instead of giving his attention to the matter before him, had his eye fixed intently upon the pages of an almanac that lay upon his desk. He doubtless thought it a small matter to deprive a stranger, and an abolitionist of his rights, especially as that seemed the quickest way to get rid of the subject. He was like the Dutch Judge, of whom it is related that he never heard but one of the parties to a suit, because, as he affirmed, it always bothered and confused him to listen to both sides!

When I expressed my astonishment at his conduct, and denounced it as unprecedented and tyrannical, Justice Fleming graciously said he would suspend judgment until I had made my defense; but after reflection and consultation with two or three of my friends, I declined an offer which I could regard in no other light than as a mockery and insult. I told him plainly that I had a defense which I did not doubt would be entirely satisfactory to an impartial magistrate, but that it did not consist with my sense of self-respect to offer it to one who had already pronounced judgment. I therefore offered him the money to discharge the fine and costs. The witnesses for the prosecution, as if ashamed of themselves, declined taking the customary fee, and William Darlington made some patronizing remarks, the benefit of which I declined, informing him that I did not ask his pity or sympathy.

Thus the matter ended, so far as I was concerned. The \$5.00 that I paid was taken from my pocket by a process a great deal meaner than stealing; but if the prosecutors and magistrate are satisfied with their share of the transaction, I certainly shall not grumble at mine. It was worth all it cost thus to develop the spirit of violence which exists in some of those who assume to be leaders in the Society of Friends.

This disclosure will do a great deal of good, by opening the eyes of many to the true state of the Society. I ought to state, what the reader will perhaps have already inferred, that the plan for my expulsion and arrest was deliberately settled beforehand (under the advice of William Darlington) by a caucus held at the house of Richard M. Barnard. William Darlington evidently went into the business *en amore*, sinking, without hesitation, the man in the law.

The five other culprits (!) are to be tried to-day at West Chester. I intend to be there to see what comes of the affair. Not being used to public speaking, they have reluctantly employed counsel. Joseph L. Lewis will manage their cause, and will no doubt do it with skill. I shall make no apology for presenting to the readers of the Freeman this personal narrative, because the prosecution thus waged against me and those associated with me, however

When I came to cross-examine them, however, they were compelled to admit, that there were two meetings, each claiming an equal right in the house. They admitted that there was no rule of discipline forbidding me to speak, even on the assumption that I was not a member; and also that there was no rule conferring upon the Elders any authority to forbid my speaking. They admitted, moreover, that they had never known another instance of a stranger being thus stopped from speaking by a threat of removal from the house. They made a merit of testifying that my demeanor was courteous and gentlemanly and that I made use of no exciting or improper language. They said there was nothing either in my manner or my words calculated in the least degree to disturb the solemnity of the meeting.

The testimony for the prosecution being closed, I was called upon for my defense. I stated to the magistrate that I had been suddenly arrested, in a community to which I was a stranger, upon a charge affecting my reputation as a peaceable and orderly citizen; that until I had heard the evidence in support of the charge I was not able to see what would be requisite for my defense, and that I now perceived it to be necessary to call several witnesses who were not and could not be present on that day. I therefore asked for a postponement. To this reasonable request, William Darlington, in a heartless and ungentlemanly manner, objected, saying, among other things, that I was an "interloper," and that a man who went about disturbing religious meetings was bound to be always ready to produce his witnesses. He therefore urged the magistrate to go on with the case at once. I remonstrated against this as unjust, and appealed both to the magistrate and to William Darlington to allow me a fair opportunity to make my defense. I reminded them that a postponement could not injuriously affect the prosecution, if it should be proved that their complaint was well founded, while to me it was a matter of importance. William Darlington, notwithstanding his unmanly allusion to me as an "interloper," said that he would only ask the magistrate to impose upon me a fine of \$5, the smallest sum which the law allowed; but he was in a great hurry to have the matter decided, evidently apprehending that if I should be allowed further time for my defense his chance for nullifying me even in that small amount would be rather slim.

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ever it may be disguised under other pretenses, is after all a development of the pro-slavery spirit which exists to a lamentable extent in the Society of Friends. It is my position as an Abolitionist and a Reformer that makes me an object of the deepest aversion and hostility on the part of the pharisaical clique who are seeking to rule that Society. I have no personal ends to advance in making this exposition. My only desire is to promote the cause of Freedom and Humanity, by doing what I can to counteract the spirit of intolerance and persecution that reigns in the bosoms of those who are aiming their deadliest stabs at the cause of the slave under the guise of a religious profession.

## BREVITIES.

THE PIONEER AND WOMAN ADVOCATE, is the title of a small sheet, which has just been commenced in Providence R. I., edited by Miss Anna W. Spencer. Price \$1.00 a year, semi-monthly.

The Female Medical College of Philadelphia, reports a full faculty and fifty-two students.—Mrs. Hannah E. Longshore, is Professor of anatomy.

Marcus Wilson of Westville O., was drowned at State Range, California, on the 16th of March.

Hosea Ballou, a veteran in Universalism, died in Boston on the 7th inst., aged 84 years.

Meagher has declined the public reception offered him by the citizens of New York.

A break occurred in the Levee below New Orleans. Great damage done.

Another Female Musician has arrived from Europe to astonish and delight our natives.—They call her Signora Albani.

The eightieth thousand of Uncle Tom's Cabin has been published.

The British and the Burmese are again engaged in a bloody war.

The Licking County Branch of the State Bank failed on Friday last.

Kossuth's mother and sisters are now in England.

## Letter from Mrs. Gage.

Our Correspondents seem all to have left us of late. But thanks to Aunt Fanny for the following, addressed to the Publishing Agent.

PHILADELPHIA, June 10th, 1852.

DEAR EMILY: I feel impelled to sit down and scribble you a few lines, just to tell you how largely I am enjoying life, in this region, and how my hope, which you know was as high as the tree tops at the Massillon Convention, is now taking a higher flight, and is now glowing among the sunbeams, high in air, making bright the space, where lowering clouds once hung their portentous veil over the future.

The convention at West Chester, as you will have seen, was a fine affair, every way satisfactory to the signers of the call. The only trouble was, that there were too many anxious enquirers, to get into the hall. The longed-upturned faces, showed the deep interest felt—that could not be satisfied. I grew daily more and more in favor of well regulated Conventions, for the enlightenment of the people. Bringing hundreds together from different parts of the states, all taking their position from different stand points of life, yet all aiming at the same great end, the elevation of the Race; without regard to sect, sex, or color, cannot fail to do its work for good.

I think our adversaries need no stronger demonstration, of the elevating effect of raising woman's social position, than can be found in the refined and true society in and about Philadelphia, and West Chester, who have thrown off the shackles of olden time, and have lived more nearly in an equal relation with men, socially and religiously; have attended anti-slavery conventions, and yearly meetings of friends, and been brought out before the world, by carrying out their earnest convictions of duty.

Its effects are seen in the improved intellectual cheerfulness of temper, effective action, and the strong mental moral and physical nature, of the children, and the people. If the effects of freedom of speech and action be to make such women and men as these Woman's Rights Friends—comment to the words *Woman's Rights*, for the rest of my life.

But I am sorry to have to record, that there is a class of people (I hope a very small class) who have not yet thrown off the troubles of custom, and who are willing to enslave both the bodies and souls of their neighbors. You will have seen ere this reaches you, an account in the Freeman, of the disturbance among the friends of the Mariborough meeting house, on the 6th of June. I was present at that meeting, and I must say, never more surprised or wounded. It dissolved my bright ideal of the unity and love of Quaker life. Only think of it dear Emily, that a man, such a man as Oliver Johnson, should be seized rudely by two strong men, and threatened to be cast out of a church, for simply saying, in a solemn voice, "It was the promise of Jesus to his disciples." And only think of it: fancy you listen to discordant cries of "take him out, take him out," on one side, and shame, shame, shame, on the other. See men laying violent hands upon a quiet man, and see him look up into their faces with a smile, as if he felt that with all their rudeness they had no power—and you will see (in your mind at least, the panorama that past my vision last Sabbath in the heart of quakerdom, in the middle of the nineteenth century, and among the most liberal, and (in other respects) enlightened people I ever found. The persecuted party made no opposition, not even by a look—and the tumult ceased, and the persecutors dispersed. I had hoped to report. But no, it was only to gather strength for further work. But I will not say more upon the subject. But devoutly, earnestly, prayerfully will I hope, that with woman's enlightenment, and woman's elevation, these things will pass away, and the world grow wiser and better.

Yours truly,

FRANCES D. GAGE.

## Whig National Convention.

Telegraphic report of the Pittsburgh Gazette. BALTIMORE, June 16.

A committee of one from each State has been appointed to appoint permanent officers.

BALTIMORE, June 16.

The committee on Credentials and Officers appointed by the several States, adjourned until this evening.

BALTIMORE, June 16.

The Convention re-assembled, the report was adopted, when Mr. Chapman took the chair and delivered an address urging harmony and conciliation.

The delegates from the slaveholding States have unanimously adopted a series of resolutions to the following purport: 1st. Declaring the General Government one of limited power, and denying its right to exercise powers not expressly granted in the Constitution. The 2d and 3d resolutions are in relation to the rights of the States; the 4th is against the doctrine of interposition; the 5th is in favor of an economical administration of government, and a tariff for revenue, which will give encouragement to all branches of industry in every section of the country; the 6th favors a system of river and harbor improvements by the general government, and the 7th and 8th endorse the finality of the compromise measures, in all their parts. The friends of Webster are pledged to support these resolutions.

It is believed that Webster will be nominated.

A prayer was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Stockton, who alluded to the Hon. Henry Clay. The Convention then adjourned to meet at 12 o'clock to-morrow.

## Savagism.

The following outrageous sentiments were presented at the Ratification Meeting in New York, by a ruffian, named Willard, Lieutenant Governor of Indiana. It was the introductory speech to the meeting, at which J. Van Buren, H. B. Stanton and the Historian Bancroft, gave their approbation of the Baltimore nomination. And from these men were heard no word of rebuke or dissent. The speech is worthy of the platform on which they all found common ground.—Why should they dissent?

The chairman introduced to the meeting the Hon. Mr. Willard, Lieutenant Governor of Indiana, who was enthusiastically received. After speaking some time of the result of the Baltimore Convention, he went on to say—"I love the nomination because I like that democratic platform most; and I say to you here, to-night, you must rivet the iron heel of the democratic party to that platform, and never abandon it.—(Tumultuous applause, in the course of which the speaker took off his coat, vest and neckerchief—can you wonder at this? by the intense heat of the room, and in which he was imitated by many of those present.) We must now try the great question, whether fanaticism or reason is to guide the destiny of this empire. (Good, good, and great applause.) I say to you here to-night, that the cornerstone of this platform is the Fugitive Slave Law, and by it and alone we will stand. (Vehement applause.) I am a stranger in your city. (No, no, from the body of the house.) As I wander along your great thoroughfares, and I look on the majestic buildings, and see all the signs of wealth, I become impressed with the greatness of your possessions. But how do you own this property? Who gave you the right to hold that which is his? Who gives you the right to wear your cap on your head? The law, and the law alone, gives man the power to hold the property which is his. If a man comes and takes your cap off your head, he is called a villain, and he is seized, sent off to prison, and told that he shall not dwell among men, for he is a thief and a villain. (Cheers.) Now, I want to know if the teachers of this country who came together and formed the constitution of the United States, if the great and good men who were there, with clean hands and pure hearts, did not solemnly declare that Southern men may hold property in the sons of Africa? (Cheers.) Now they hold that property by law. I do not mean a law so high that you cannot cure it. (Laughter.) I mean a law as high as the constitution of the United States, and that is as high as my political quibbles shall ever get. Now, by the law and by the constitution, there is the right of property in man, and I say that if a violation of law who takes his hat, he who helps the fugitive to escape, he who steals and robs the master, he is a thief and a robber. I repeat it here to-night. I say that he who violates the constitution and the law, and asserts his right to defy the law, and with ruthless hand robs the master of that which the constitution has made his property, is a thief and a robber. (Great shouts and enthusiasm.)

The speaker related a ludicrous story of the nigger to whom medicine was given for his wife, with directions to shake her well after each dose. He shook her once, twice, and at the third shake he kicked the bucket; and he applied it to the doses given by the democracy to General Harrison, General Taylor, and to produce its great result of annihilation in the person of General Scott. Great laughter and applause, amid which the speaker sat down."

Rantou's Denunciation of Southern dictation.

The Washington Correspondent of the True Democrat, under date of June 11th, says:

Mr. Rantou, of Mass., next obtained the floor, and soon gave evidence to the House that he had other matters to attend to than railroads or protective tariffs. He evidently intended an open and manly declaration of war against Southern dictation and Northern servility. He seemed to feel the insult given them who received at Baltimore, and now gave them who offered it, and the whole Democratic party to understand that he asked no favors. He was manly, direct, and bold, throughout. His argument against the Constitutional argument on that subject, to which I have ever listened. It was addressed to Southern men, to slaveholders and doughfaces. I predict that no member of his party will attempt to reply to it. His blows were felt and many doughfaces left the hall in a more sober and thoughtful mood than they entered. It was a most deadly thrust at the resolution of the Democratic Convention to "silence all agitation of the slave question in Congress." It looked much like agitation, and the Democrats appeared to feel it.

The Milledgeville Recorder says the True Democrat, contains the proceedings of the Georgia Whig State Convention at that place

on the 7th inst. The following is the resolution adopted unanimously, to which the telegraph has already made reference:

Resolved, That the safety and honor of the South and the integrity of the Union are dearer to us than the triumph of any party or the success of any candidate; and we therefore instruct our delegates to insist upon the recognition of the Compromise measures by the national Whig Convention, as a full and final settlement of all questions therein embraced, and to make such a recognition a condition precedent to any participation by them in the nominations of the said Convention.

Receipts for The Bugle for the week ending June 16th.

J. Cummings, Sarine,	\$2.00-337
P. Walder, (ch to C. S. S. G. Mecca,	1.00-331
C. Brooks, Lincville,	25-376
C. Stanley, Unity,	75-376
J. Lawrence, Conneautville,	1.00-385
A. N. Wright, Eagleville,	3.00-422
L. Woods, Columbiana,	1.50-336
D. Miller, New Garden,	1.50-381
I. Miller, "	50-383
P. Cummins, Sullivan,	3.00-372
T. C. Chandler, Raisin,	1.00-371
J. Walton, "	1.00-395
E. Brownell, "	1.00-352
A. Lapham, Farmington,	1.00-370
A. Case, Rostown,	1.50-358
T. C. Heighton, Edinburgh,	50-384
H. White, Randolph,	2.00-383
E. Hamilton, E. Fairfield,	1.00-330
E. Hoady, N. Benton,	1.50-404
Adam Saunders, Chester Z Roads,	1.00-482
W. Paxton, New Garden,	1.00-352
R. Gould, Sullivan,	1.50-400
E. Gould, "	1.50-400

## OBITUARY.

Died, at Macedon, Orange County, New York, on Sunday, May 30th, of consumption, Susan R., wife of Elias Doty, aged 45 years.

Educated a Friend, she cherished, through life, a strong faith in the Christian principles taught and practiced by Penn. Benezet, John Woolman and Elias Hicks.

An earnest desire to "follow the light" led her to be an active Abolitionist. Finding the doors of the house in which she worshiped closed against the faithful advocates of the Slave, and loving humanity more than sect, living principles better than dead forms, she turned from those doors, although the trial was a severe one, and ceased her fellowship with the Society of Friends, still retaining a strong friendship, and keeping up a cordial intercourse, with many individual members of that Society.

A woman of great activity and energy, her aid was ever valuable and efficient; with a heart filled with benevolent kindness, a hand open as day to melting charity, the poor never went from her door without a kind word and timely help. Dispensing a free and generous hospitality, many a true and faithful word has she spoken for the slave while ministering to the wants of visitors at her well-ordered home—a home where the despised negro forgot his color and felt himself a man.

A life thus, proving, by many good words and works, a practical belief that "he's true to God who's true to man," could not but have a peaceful close. She had felt for some weeks that wasting illness was consuming her vital energies. Calmly and with quiet self-possession were directions given as to her funeral and burial place, and messages of friendly care delivered to family friends; and when the last hour came, death was only a sweet and solemn passage to another and higher life. Nothing of gloom mingled with such a change; sorrow and regret that the places that once knew her shall know her earthly form no more, all must feel; but to her husband, her family, her friends, she has left an example of a life of active energy, earnest devotion to works of practical righteousness; thus, though dead, she yet speaketh, and her spirit still will be often present to strengthen and cheer those she loved on earth.

G. B. S.

## PUBLIC MEETING.

Pursuant to a resolution passed at a meeting of the citizens of the Incorporated village of Salem, held June 11, 1852, the Council of the Village will meet with the citizens, on Friday Evening next.

June 18th, to hear any discussion relative to the propriety of enacting Ordinances to prohibit Porter, Ale and Beer-shops,—and to prevent the retailing of spirituous liquors within the Incorporated village of Salem.

The Ordinance proposed by the citizens for the consideration of the Council, will be read on Friday evening, and all persons opposed to the passage of the proposed Ordinance, are particularly invited to be present and present their views.

ALFRED WRIGHT, Mayor.

TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS. NEW BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE! NOW IN PRESS.

THE Life of General, Wm. H. Harrison—By H. Montgomery, Esq., author of the Life of General Z. Taylor, (of which some 25,000 copies have been already sold.) This book will contain over 400 pages, with illustrations, and a beautiful Steel Portrait of the General. The literary merit of the work will be of a high order. The Author having taken several years in gathering reliable information, which will be offered to the public in an attractive form at a moderate price. The work will be ready by the first of July next.

Good active agents wanted to sell the above book, to whom exclusive agency of a county will be given.

On receipt of \$1.25, we will forward one copy of the above book, for Agents to use as a sample copy, by mail, post-paid, to any place in the United States, not exceeding 500 miles from Cleveland or Chicago.

Books sent by mail must be pre-paid according to the new Post office Law. Postage on this work is about 25¢ for each and every 500 miles.

Wholesale prices for above and other saleable books for which we wish Agents, will be forwarded, on application to us post-paid.

N. B. Any newspaper within 500 miles of Cleveland inserting this three times shall receive a copy of the above work, sent at they may direct.

M. F. TOOKER & Co. Publishers, Cleveland, O.

## UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,

Ik Marvels Dream Life, Macaulay's History of England,

And a very great variety of other Books in every department of Literature, just opened at McMillan's Book-Store, Five Doors East of the Town Hall.

The most of which will be sold 20 per cent cheaper than they ever were offered in this market before.

Also, Blank Books, Wall Paper, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, Accordions, Toys, Fancy Articles, and a large stock of STATIONERY.

TERMS CASH—CALL AND SEE. J. McMILLAN.

Salem, May 15, 1852.

## JOHN C. WHINERY,

SURGEON DENTIST!!—Office over the Salem Book Store.—The subscriber would inform his friends and the public, that he is again at his post. Having spent several months in Cincinnati, in making himself minutely acquainted with the various branches of his Profession; he feels confident of being able to render the fullest satisfaction to those who may require his services.

Salem, March 5, 1852.

## SALEM, OHIO, APRIL 20, 1852.

## MRS. C. L. CHURCH,

LATE OF THE CITY OF PITTSBURGH, BEGS leave to inform the inhabitants of Salem and vicinity that she has brought with her a large assortment of *DOMESTIC MEDICINES* carefully prepared, in the form of Pills, Powders, Tinctures, Syrups, Ointments, Salves and Plasters, together with an assortment of crude or unprepared Medicines, which she offers for sale on reasonable terms for cash, or such articles of produce as are used in a family.

Office, Corner of Green and Lundy St.

## NEW BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

THE subscriber has commenced the Boot and Shoe Business, and keeps on hand all kinds of BOOTS & SHOES of his own manufacture. ALSO—For sale, Sole and Upper Leather, French and Country Calf-Skins, Morocco skins and Linings of all colors; Chammy skins and binding, with shoe findings, &c.

Salem, May 8th, 1852.

MRS. M. M. PEIRCE, WATER-CURE PHYSICIAN, GREEN-ST., SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, O. May 1, 1852.

DR. C. PEARSON, HOMOEOPATHIST.

HAVING permanently located in Salem, I would respectfully announce to the Public that he is prepared to treat Homoeopathically all diseases, whether Chronic or Acute. He gives a general invitation to all, and flatters himself he can render general satisfaction.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE, on MAIN ST. OPPOSITE THE POST-OFFICE. May 15, 1852.

## Sugar Creek Falls Water Cure.

TUSCARAWAS, Co., THIS Institution, twelve miles south of Massillon, on the road from Wooster to New Philadelphia, 11 miles west of the latter place, and is accessible by stages daily from all the above places. It is supplied with very

Soft Pure Spring Water, conducted to the Cure, from the neighboring hills, in *Stone Pipes*. It is under charge of Dr. H. FREASE, and conducted on pure Hydro-pathic principles. Our business is to take drugs out of the system, or they can be had at the Establishment for 50 cts. per week. Post-Office address, *Deardorff Mills, Tuscarawas Co., Ohio*. DR. H. FREASE, SOLOMON FREASE, PROPRIETORS.

May 19, 1852.

## HATS, HATS.

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform the Public that they have just opened their

New and Splendid Assortment of Hats.

On the South side of Main-St., opposite the Book and Yankee Notion Store, Salem, O. They have received from the Eastern cities a full supply of SILK, BEAVER, OTTER, NUTRE, BRUSH, RUSSIA, CONY, COTTON and WOOL HATS, of every size grade and style, which they will sell at prices not surpassed for cheapness, any where West of the Mountains.

They are also extensively engaged in the

MANUFACTURE OF HATS;

And are prepared to suit every taste, style and fashion, with Hats such as they recommend, and warrant to give satisfaction.

BRADFIELD & GIBBONS.

April 17, 1852.

JAMES BARNABY, MERCHANT TAILOR;

N. Side Main-St., One Door West of Salem Book-Store, Salem, Ohio. Coats, Vests, Pants, &c., Made to order and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.



## Miscellaneous.

From Sartain's Magazine.  
The Red Oaks School Three Years Ago.

BY MARION DIX SULLIVAN.

(Concluded.)

"Well, how do you like the little man, Joe?" asked John Beal, as they turned into the Liberty road. "You seem to be watching him."  
"Yes," replied Joe Downer, "I have watched him all day, but I don't make up my mind till I see how he treats Julien. That poor fellow is as smart as any body, but just because he is brown as an Indian, which he can't help, every blockhead of a master takes it upon himself to knock him about, and call him Cuff and Pompey, or at best, Julius Caesar. The poor fellow had made up his mind not to come to school this winter, but I persuaded him, and promised to see that he was well used. He'll be at school to-morrow, and I'll be there too,—and then the master must look out."

Harry had remarked Julien Seaver at church, and inquired his name. He was first attracted by his sweet alto voice, and then interested by the deep melancholy, almost despair, in his beautiful features,—and then astonished, that so sombre a veil should be spread over so fine a face. He was glad to see the boy at school, and as soon as the reading was over, he went directly to his desk, which was next to Joe Downer's, the latter having secured it for him the day before, in order to protect him from insult.

"Good morning, Julien," said he, kindly; "I am glad you are coming to my school. I heard your voice in church. You have a very fine alto, and we are going to have singing in the school,—not only sacred music, but songs and glees. I shall depend upon you for the alto."

Julien's dark face brightened with pleasure, and the tears started into Joe Downer's eyes.—He hastily brushed them off, and began to study very hard, as Harry continued,

"But we must not neglect the more important matters. Will you let me see your books?"

Julien was proud to show them. They were quite clean, and his progress was not exceeded by that of any one of his age, in school.

Harry left him, with a few kind and encouraging words; and as he departed, Julien turned with a look of delight, to Joe; but Joe was using his handkerchief, and his face was not visible.

"Tim, mind you," cried one of the small, bad boys, "the master leaves his big ferule at home, and he don't dare to whip anybody. Let us cut a few shins, now."

"So we will," said Tim. "Let's rub his desk over with charcoal!"

"And I'll pin a newspaper on to his coat-tail!" cried Jerry.

"And I'll make faces at him!" said Bill.

"Hallo, you young rascals," cried Joe Downer, "look at me! I rather guess I'm pretty big and strong. If I am not, I rather s'pose I could get some help." (Looking round.)

"I rather guess you could," said Will Barry.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Clare Maris.

"Well," continued Joe, doubling his fist, and shaking it in the faces of the astonished rebels, "I tell you this,—one and all of you. The first one that begins to cut up a shine, or to insult the master, in any way,—mind, in any way,—shall be knocked off this coasting ground, and specially flogged by me, every day, for one week or more."

The rebellious party shrank away in terror, and the subject of shins was never again alluded to.

"Mr. Downer," said Harry, as they came out of school that night, "have you time to walk a little way with me?"

This happened to be the first time Joe had ever been called Mister, and it pleased him mightily. He was gratified that somebody had at last discovered that he had arrived at manhood, and was candid enough to own the fact.

"Certainly, sir," he replied.

"I want to ask you about the boy who came with you to-day. He is not a negro?"

"Oh, no, sir. Though the people here call him so, and think very ill of us, because we treat him like one of the family. They take no notice of him. He is so miserable because he is black. He says he would gladly be skinned all over, if he could by that means become white."

"Poor fellow! It is really sad."

"Yes, sir. We want to keep him until his education is finished but he thinks he must go home directly."

"Where is his home?"

"The Sandwich Islands, or one of them.—His mother was a native, and she married an officer of a French ship, which was stopping there. She was related to the royal family.—Her husband called himself Julien Seaver, or Julien Sirre, as my uncle says it should be. He went away with the ship, promising to return within a year; but he never came. When Julien was old enough to walk alone, he used to go to all the vessels that came in, to inquire for his father, but he never could hear of him."

"When he was ten years old his mother died and as he could not persuade any one to take him on board of a vessel, he managed to get into my uncle's vessel, just as she was about sailing, conceal himself for several days, till they were far from land, when he came out, almost starved. My uncle heard his story, and pitied him very much."

"He brought him home to be educated, and he says he shall be treated like a prince, and a gentleman, as he is—at least he should not be shunned on account of his colour. But you cannot force people. They say he is a negro, and he is the only one in town. He is never invited anywhere with the other boys. Uncle did get him into the singing-school."

"He reads music as he would a story, but he won't sit in the singing seats, because he says everybody stares at him."

"Who is your uncle, Mr. Downer?"

"Oh, he is the Committee, Captain Downer."

"Indeed! Well, I thought that man must have a noble heart. I thank you for this information. We must talk again, about it. Will you come in, sometimes, in the evening, to see me?"

"Thank you, sir. Good night, sir."

It was a mild, January morning. After the children were all assembled in school, it began to rain heavily, and continued pouring. The recess was unavailable. Nobody went out farther than the hall. Harry heard an extensive rustling, and looked up from a sum he was correcting. The small children were thrusting themselves into all imaginable attitudes, in order to obtain relief from the pain produced by continuing too long in one posture.

They looked miserable, and ill-natured, as though any change, a fight, or a whipping, would be preferable to the cramped and wearisome situation in which they were held.

"Poor children!" said Harry, compassionately; "you cannot keep still any longer. Are you tired of sitting, Tommy?"

"Is, sir," said the little child, just beginning to cry.

"Well, stand up, all of you; walk across to the door; now come back; go again once more; come back; clap your hands; laugh as loud as you can."

This they did, all the school bearing them company.

"There, now, do you feel better?"

"Is, sir," said Tommy. "Is, sir," said they all.

"It seems to me you all look tired, and this is really a very tedious morning. We have such a large room, we might as well have a little exercise in-doors, seeing it is too damp to play out. You may all of you—that is, all who wish to—come down into the floor, and march a little. I have my flute in my pocket, and all the boys who can, may whistle. Please arrange yourselves two by two; first the boys, then the girls. We'll march just five minutes, and then we shall be able to study much better. Begin with the left foot. Now!" and away they went, to the tune of "Jefferson and Liberty," which Harry played, the boys whistled, and the girls hummed.

"Stop! turn right about all! There now; march the other way." All the school joined in this, except John Beal, the young man, who sat entirely engrossed by his arithmetic.

"Now you may take your seats quietly, and study as fast as possible."

All cheerfully obeyed, and a dead silence succeeded, which was interrupted by an angry knock at the door. One of the boys opened it. It was Mr. Maris, who was prowling about in the hope of being able to make himself useful.

He sternly observed, "I thought you seemed to have a riot here, and did not know but you might want some assistance."

"Oh, dear, no, sir," cried Harry, laughing.—"You see, sir, it is such a wet day that the scholars cannot go out to play; and they cannot study without some exercise. So I let them march for five minutes; and you see how nicely they are making up the time. I am sorry you did not come in a little sooner to see them."

"I don't know," said Mr. Maris, shaking his head; "I think it is rather an innovation."

"An improvement, sir? Yes, sir, you are right. It is a great improvement on the dark days when poor children were whipped because they could not possibly sit still any longer. This improvement, with many others, were introduced into the common schools by a most successful teacher,—Thomas A. Bolder, Esq., from the city."

"I don't know," said Mr. Maris, doubtfully shaking his head. "Well you haven't sent for me yet?"

"No, sir, thank you; we have had no occasion. 'Won't you step in and hear us read?'"

"Well, I don't care if I do. I may find some opportunity of being useful."

As the boys took their places on the floor, there was a slight disturbance, and Mr. Maris exclaimed, "There are two boys crowding and whispering."

Harry hastened to them, and said, in a low, kind voice, "What is the matter, my boys?"—They hesitated a moment, and the one who stood lowest replied, "Enoch missed a word yesterday, and I spelled it, and went above him; but I don't think it was quite fair that I should have taken his place, because he misunderstood the word. I should rather he should keep his place."

"Well, Enoch?" said Harry turning to the other.

"I was very sorry to lose my place; but I was inattentive, and I think I ought to go below James."

"I had rather he should keep his place," said James.

You are both of you very honorable and generous, and I am exceedingly pleased at your conduct; but I can't decide between you. Where there are plenty of witnesses, it is sometimes well to decide the case by vote of the class; but as this seems to be an affair between two, we must settle it by lot. Clare, will you find two sticks of unequal length, and let them draw?"

This was soon done. Enoch drew the longest stick, and so retained his place.

"Perhaps," hinted Mr. Maris, "my boy has cheated; Enoch and he are great friends."

Instantly the blood rushed to Harry's face, and the lightning flashed from his eyes. He stood up, indignantly confronting Mr. Maris, and looking to his amazed pupils, as tall as Goliath. With an evident struggle to master his anger, and speak respectfully to Mr. Maris:

No, sir; you are mistaken. Your son does not cheat, or lie. I do not believe I have one scholar here who would cheat. They all study well, and treat me well; and I would rather any one should speak against me, than against them."

There was a momentary silence, and then John Beal (who usually sat motionless, and in-

attentive as a stone post to everything except his arithmetic) hastily rose and requested permission to speak, which was granted.

"I have attended this school," said he, with some agitation, "these eighteen years. I was flogged every summer by the mistress, and flung every winter by the master, until I was strong enough to defend myself. Until this winter, no one has ever tried to make me understand my studies; otherwise, I should not have been here now, when I am almost twenty-one years old. I never saw a master try to make his scholars happy before. I never before saw a master stand up for his scholars to save them from blame and punishment. I think we ought all to do the very best we can to make his task light and pleasant. I should like to know how many there are in the school who intend to behave well and help the master."

Harry stood up, with a bright smile, and said, "Every one who means to do his duty hold up his right hand. Here is mine."

Every one immediately elevated a hand.—Some of the girls by mistake held up the left one, and the children held up both, in their zeal to do something popular.

Then Joe Downer, who could no longer restrain his enthusiasm, proposed "Three cheers for Master Somers!" and, in the deafening hurrahs which followed, Mr. Maris effected his escape, somewhat ashamed of himself, and exceedingly puzzled with this new state of things.

There was one boy whose enthusiastic attempt at a most signal and surpassing hurrah failed entirely, and was choked into a sob, which was, fortunately, unheard in the uproar. This was Clara Maris. It was the first time anybody ever stood up for him, defended his honor, and stood pledged for his truthfulness. "I am not the good boy he thinks me," said he to himself; "but henceforth, I will be. He shall not trust me for nothing."

From that time, his whole conduct and deportment were so changed for the better, that his father, to his great surprise, never again found an opportunity to chastise him. Indeed, such was the master's influence on his brothers, that the red soon fell into disuse in that family.

Harry Somers, finding on inquiry that Saturday, though not holy time, was the unoccupied evening of the week, informed his school that he "would always be at home at that time, and would be happy to see any of them at his room. It was rather small,—would not comfortably seat more than fifteen; but any number not exceeding that would be very welcome; He would be glad of the opportunity to talk with them about anything which interested them, excepting their studies, which had better be laid aside from Saturday noon till Monday morning, as the mind requires rest. But they could sing, or tell stories, or whatever they pleased."

The invitation, kindly and simply given, was accepted with much pleasure, and the Saturday evenings thus distinguished, were so ardently anticipated, and heartily enjoyed, that they were obliged to "take turns," so as not to exceed the specified number. Julien Sirre was with them, no longer despised and neglected, but joyous and hopeful as any.

As the school-boys, and the small boys could not participate in this enjoyment, Harry obtained for the school, by the influence of the Committee, the liberty of Wednesday afternoon which was thenceforth devoted to the singing of songs and glees, ending in a contra dance,—so all were delighted, and nobody found time to quarrel with the teacher or any one else.

And with all this liberty, and music, and sociability, without punishment, without compulsion, the scholars of the Red Oaks Village made greater progress in their studies than ever before during many years. Besides this, the influence of Harry's kind and gentlemanly manner had entirely changed the rough habits, and coarse feelings, of the young people under his charge. Profanity and evil speaking were banished, and contentions were hardly known among them.

So thoroughly convinced were the parents of this result, that they yielded to the earnest solicitations of their children, and, at the close of the term, engaged Harry to teach them again, the next winter; and because he seemed to hesitate a little before replying to their proposal, they offered him a larger salary than they ever before had given.

So they gave him a hearty, affectionate farewell, which some of them could not utter, lest the voice should break into sobs, and others could not look, because the eyes were blinded by tears.

But he came to them the second winter, and the third, and each term was as happy and useful as the first. Now he can teach them no more, as he is studying a profession, and after a while we are going to have a grand wedding, two weddings in one. Hetty and Jenny Bolder will be the bridesmaids, and King George and Julien Sirre the groomsmen.

The latter is now receiving a thorough musical education, with a distinguished German teacher, through the munificence of his old friend, Captain Downer. When he returns to his island home, it will be as a gentleman, and a professor of music, with letters of introduction, and with a spotless character, and elegant manners. We shall hear of him again.

The county Court of Loudoun county, Va., has ordered the Sheriff to sell at public hire, about one hundred free negroes, who have neglected to pay their taxes. They are to be hired out at no less than ten cents per day until the debt is liquidated.—*Louisville Journal.*

The Telegraphic wire was struck near Galena last week by atmospheric lightning, and melted for about three hundred yards, and more or less injured for a half a mile. A spectator who saw the stroke, describes the electrical exhibition as a chain of fire, stretching both ways as far as he could see across the landscape.

## The Night of Mind.

By ALBERT SIMPSON.

Men of every honest station,  
Men of every garb and dress,  
Men of every creed and calling,  
From the pick-axe to the press;  
Rise! in your majestic power—  
Shake the shackles off that bind  
The spirit to a grovelling nature—  
The nobleness of man is mind.

Champions of the forge and bellows,  
Wielders of the mighty sledge,  
Workers of the crank and anvil,  
Knights of heavy bolt and wedge:  
Up and take your rightful station—  
Be the greatest of your kind,  
By combining with your calling  
Like omnipotence of mind.

Warriors on the field of combat,  
Where the implements of strife  
Are the hammer, axe and hatchet,  
Bodkin, scythe and pruning knife—  
This, ye noble sons of labor,  
Is for what we were designed,  
But we work to no advantage,  
If we labor not with mind.

Laboring lords on life's plantation—  
Noblemen of every craft—  
Kings whose crowns are forehead sundry;  
Chief commanders on life's raft:  
Would ye hold exalted stations?  
Nobleness is but confined  
To the fortunate possessor  
Of both working hand and mind.

Pride may mock at lowly virtue,  
And with haughty scorn deride,  
But deficiency in wisdom  
Hoarded lucre cannot hide.  
How much nobler our exertion  
When we labor for our kind,  
Than submissively to pander  
To a base and selfish mind.

Up, then, brothers! rend asunder  
Every chain that binds you down,  
And in stunning tones of thunder,  
Claim the prize—the regal crown.  
Raise your gallant heads, my brothers,  
And confess no other ruler—  
Know no other might than mind.

[Cin. Daily Nonpareil.]

## Carry a Thing Through.

Carry a thing through. That's it, don't do any thing else. If you once fairly, soundly, wide-awakedly begin a thing, let it be carried through, though it cost your best comfort, time, energies and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning backward, this wearying and fainting of soul and purpose. It bespeaks ineffectuality of mind, want of character, courage, true manliness.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin it till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think, study, dig, till you know your ground—see your way. This done, launch out with all your soul, heart, life, and fire, neither turning to the right or left. Push on gallantly; push as though you were born for the very work you are about beginning, as though creation were waiting through all time for your special hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and kind.

Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything in that way. You can't. Be strong-minded. Be pluckish, patient, consistent.—Be hopeful, stern and manly. Don't disgrace yourself by being on this to-day, on that to-morrow, and on another next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living;—we don't care if you labor day and night, in season and out, be sure the end of your life will show nothing if you perpetually change from object to object. Fortune, success, fame and position, are never gained but by piously, bravely sticking, growing, living to a thing till it is fairly accomplished.

In short, you must carry a thing through if you would be anybody or thing. No matter if it cost you pleasure, the society, the thousand and pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it at all. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero.—You will think better of yourself; others will think better of you. Of course they will.—The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined deed. It sees in him its best, its highest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, with whatever you undertake.—Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful, never fear.

TEST OF CHRISTIANITY.—Something was said, the other day respecting a certain Mr. B., who was about joining the church. "Certainly the church will not receive him," said Aunt Mary. "Why not?" asked Uncle John, raising his eyes from the book he was reading. "Because he is not a christian," replied our Aunt, promptly and decisively. "And how do you know?" can you read the heart?" "No, Uncle John, I can't read the heart, but I can see when a man habitually abuses God's dumb animals. I have seen Mr. B. torture his horse, time and again, and whip him till the blood ran down his legs because he did not do something he was ordered to, when perhaps, the poor beast did not know what his master wanted of him. No christian would do that. At any rate," continued Mary, "I don't wish to commune with such a christian." Uncle John was silent.

A company have been formed in London for the manufacture of printing type from wire.—It is said that it will last sixty times as long as common type, and cost less.

## Agents for the Bugle.

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## LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts of letters from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, and President Adams.

CAMBRIDGE, April 21, 1841.

I have read the prospectus with great pleasure, and entirely approve the plan. It can only obtain the public patronage large enough, and large enough, and secure enough to attain its true ends, it will contribute in an eminent degree to give a healthy tone not only to our literature, but to the productions of the age. It will do more; it will reduce our periodical literature from the reproach of being devoted to light and superficial reading, to a more serious and useful character, and to a more elevated and dignified character.

JOSIPE STORY.

I approve very much of the plan of the "Living Age," and if it be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates, (of which I have no reason to doubt,) it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

JAMES KENT.

WASHINGTON, 27th Dec. 1841.

Of all the periodical journals devoted to literature and science which abound in Europe and in this country, this has appeared to me the most useful. It contains indeed the exposition only of the current literature of the English language, but this by its immense extent and comprehension, includes a portrait of the human mind in the most complete expansion of the present age.

J. Q. ADAMS.

PROSPECTUS.

This work is conducted in the spirit of the "Living Age," and it is to be conducted with the intelligence, spirit and taste that the prospectus indicates, (of which I have no reason to doubt,) it will be one of the most instructive and popular periodicals of the day.

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